

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

American Policy for American Interests.

A meeting is to be held on Sunday evening, under the auspices of the United Irish-American Societies, "to express sympathy for the Boers in the unjust war waged on them by Great Britain."

Of course it is natural and right that men whose ancestors were ground under the pitiless oppression from which Ireland suffered for so many centuries should rejoice in the misfortunes of England. No man with Irish blood in his veins could be expected to do anything else. That is the just retribution which England endures for her past misdeeds. It is the curses of tyranny coming home to roost. Irishmen remember the storm of Drogheda, concerning which Cromwell said: "Our men getting up to them were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to death about two thousand men." When some of them fled to St. Peter's Church Cromwell "ordered the steeple to be fired," and he added: "In the church itself nearly one thousand were put to the sword. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two."

They remember, too, that when the Irish forces that were not massacred were starved into surrender, Cromwell killed all their officers and every tenth man among the soldiers, and shipped the rest to Barbadoes.

They remember that even in the last century the masses of the Irish people were subjected to oppressions such as the Cubans never suffered from Spain—that they were deprived of the comforts of their religion, shut out from all share in the government of their own country, deprived of their land and systematically reduced to beggary by laws designed to prevent the growth of industry.

Irishmen remember all these things, and Americans can easily sympathize with their feelings. But we cannot let sympathy guide our national policy. As a nation we must look after our own national interests, swayed neither by the latitudes nor by the affections brought here from Europe by the diverse elements of our population. We have Irish and English among us, Alsations and Germans, Poles, Finns and Russians, Swedes and Norwegians. We cannot make an enemy of Germany because the Alsations hate her, nor of Russia because she has oppressed the Poles and Finns.

There is just one safe rule to guide us through all this maze of nationalities—America first. We can all have our individual sympathies, but when we act as a nation the one question for us to ask ourselves is: "How will that affect the United States?"

England and Delagoa Bay.

According to advices from Berlin, England through a secret treaty with Portugal has secured the complete possession of Delagoa Bay, and Germany has been given control of all the Portuguese colonies in Asia.

If this is true a long step forward has been taken in the biting, bridling and harnessing of the world by the great powers. This secret treaty, which has probably been under way for several months, explains many things.

It explains Germany's desire for a great navy, the restive attitude of France and Russia and the arbitrary action of England in the seizure of food supplies in Delagoa Bay. It explains Germany's lethargic action on the Transvaal question, and makes clear the questions discussed during the recent visit of the Czar to England.

This treaty means a death blow to the Transvaal. To the Boers Delagoa Bay is the very source of existence—the heart of the Dutch Republic. Through this port the Boers secured their enormous military supplies, and so long as the marine traffic was unrestricted, and the railroad vein between Lourenço Marquez was allowed to throb unhampered, the Boers continued to receive reinforcements and supplies.

It will now be an easy matter for England to intercept munitions of war and food supplies for the Transvaal, and to play the game of attrition to the finish.

In short, this treaty signs the death warrant of the gallant Boer Republic. Nobody, however, who has watched the course of the war during the past month will doubt that the Boers will front about and bravely face the new danger.

In the meantime the German Empire blossoms out into marine importance. The Kaiser will now doubtless get his mighty navy without further question.

France and Russia are thoroughly foiled, and an entirely new base of diplomacy and intrigue will have to be established before they can hope to shake the new order of things—the triumph of England and the added importance of Germany.

Not a Neighbor, but a Friend.

The announcement that Germany has abandoned the project of buying the Danish West Indies is a graceful concession to American sentiment. Germany feels herself the natural heir of Denmark, and it would be especially gratifying to her to have a foothold in the Western Hemisphere, where her commercial rivals are so strongly entrenched, and where she does not possess an inch of ground. That she has been willing to give up this gratification rather than offend us is a proof of good will that we ought to appreciate. Now that Germany has decided not to try to be our neighbor she is all the more our friend.

Light On the Banking Scandal.

much money has been deposited with these banks, how long it has remained on deposit, and whether any interest has been paid to the Government upon it.

If Mr. Sulzer will follow up this resolution with his usual energy he may obtain some information of extreme interest to the public. It is not likely, however, that the most significant parts of the negotiations were ever reduced to writing. What is needed for them is a photograph with a record of the verbal discussions between Mr. Rockefeller's agents and the Treasury officials.

Favors Capital Punishment.

To the Editor of the New York Journal:

Your publication of Monday, December 18, 1899, contained an editorial in which you called for an expression of opinion concerning capital punishment.

I am firmly convinced that capital punishment is an efficacious method for the prevention of deliberate and premeditated homicide. Of course, I do not claim that it has any effect upon the person who takes life in the heat of passion or while so under the influence of intoxicants as to leave him without sufficient reasoning powers; nor do I believe that the burglar, detected, gives it much consideration. In this case it is the result of the natural law of self-preservation.

In the former cases the will power sufficient to consider is lacking. But in all cases where the crime is committed purely for purposes of self-advancement, or from motives of jealousy and revenge, the fact that the murderer is so solicitous concerning the secrecy of his plans, so careful to cover his tracks, effectually proves to my mind that he has given the matter of detection and punishment careful consideration.

But, you say, "this did not seem to deter him!" Well, is it not a matter of common knowledge that every murderer feels that his plans are of sufficient shrewdness to render his subsequent detection almost impossible?

Certainly, every precaution taken by the would be murderer is sufficient proof of this fact. Of course, such egotists are born every day; but who knows how many are not? The man who knows the name who has passed through this experience and who has satisfactorily proven to himself that he is not an egotist.

December 19, 1899.

SPARTAN MOTHERS.

By Alfred Austin.

(Poet Laureate of England.)

"ONE more embrace! then, o'er the main,
And nobly play the soldier's part."
Thus speaks, amid the martial strain,
The Spartan mother's aching heart.
She hides her woe,
She bids him go,
And tread the path his fathers trod.
"Who fights for England, fights for God."

Helpless to help, she waits, she weeps,
And listens for the far-off fray.
He scours the gorge, he scales the steep,
Scatters the foe—away! away!
Feigned is his flight,
Smite! again smite!
How fleet their steeds! how nimbly shod!
She kneels, she prays: "Protect him, God!"

The sister's sigh, the maiden's tear,
The wife's, the widow's stifled wail,
These nerve the hand, these brace the spear,
And speed them over yeldt and vale.
What is to him,
Or life or limb,
Who rends the chain, and breaks the rod!
Who falls for freedom, falls for God.

And should it be his happy fate
Hale to return to home and rest,
She will be standing at the gate,
To fold him to her trembling breast.
Or should he fall,
By ridge or wall,
And lie 'neath some green southern sod—
"Who dies for Country, sleeps with God."
—From The Independent, which appears to-day.

PLAIN TALK WITH THE PEOPLE.

Too Many Women on Earth?

Editor of the New York Journal:

If England loses a hundred thousand men or two in the coming great strife, and this country "drops" as many more, to be added to the 10,000 already hors de combat by reason of our late war and the present insurrection, what will become of the women?

There are too many women on earth now, in proportion to the male sex, and the girl babies continue to make their appearance with persistent and rhythmical regularity. Unhappily, from a standpoint of high sociology, the grand total of the sweeter sex cannot be periodically decimated by war in order to preserve a proper balance between the sexes. And the feminine majority, already too large, must have husbands. God alone pities the old maid.

I propose the following plan to even things up: After the great and sanguinary international strife soon to be witnessed is over, assuming that the United States loses 250,000 men, an equal number of unmarried women (age to be no bar) are to be drafted by lot in proportion to the loss of men by States, confined in glass enclosed, hermetically sealed apartments, and painlessly and pleasantly sent to join their ancestors. SANDFORD.

Washington, December 23.

If in the coming great war suggested by our correspondent the United States should lose 250,000 men of his stripe, the rest of the male sex in this country, adoring women as they do, would have a mighty good time.

Such a general exodus of woman-haters would no doubt be a fine thing for the country. Their creed is that of ignorance, egotism and selfishness, and while they might not make good soldiers, no general would hesitate to send them against impregnable positions for the benefit of their country.

There cannot be too many women. While men are fighting the physical battles of the earth, the women are continually campaigning in a moral way.

There should be enough women, at least, for every man in the world to have a mother, a sister, and somebody else's sister.

The Journal a Mascot.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I must write you my thanks and appreciation of your paper. At this time, as ever before, it has been my mascot.

My father and I have been in search of a position as janitor and caretaker for some time. We advertised in the — very often, but never had an answer.

It was in response to one of these ads. that the Journal mailed us some advertising "frank" coupons. I used one by inserting a fifteen-word ad. in "Situations Wanted, Male," on Tuesday last.

I had a letter in answer at 6:30 p. m. on the same day, and a man called on my father and engaged him to take charge of a house. The place is an unexceptionable one.

Your paper is the paper. MRS. E. M. S.

We are glad to have been of service to you. It is a gratifying thing to know that our advertising columns are continually bringing such fine results, and especially to know that in your case the advertisement that served you so well cost you nothing.

You have discovered what thousands of others are discovering every day—that in all things the Journal is the paper.

Uncle Sam and the Open Door.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Suppose the open door of China should suddenly be slammed shut? Wouldn't Uncle Sam get his fingers smashed in the jam?

Or, if he should escape, would he be able to break in with old fashioned Lee-Metford rifle powder that smokes like a burning haystack, and not enough ships to defend our own coast line? Uncle Sam, indeed. He is a senile old fraud, branded with the dollar mark. CLAUD J.

Baltimore, Dec. 23.

Uncle Sam's hand might possibly be jammed for the moment, but it would not materially injure his trigger finger.

He has been a world power for fifty years, but other countries have been slow and reluctant to recognize the fact.

Since the war with Spain we are manufacturing vast quantities of smokeless powder, and our troops are being furnished with the most modern rifles. We have about as much to say concerning the mechanism and the ventilation through China's door as any other country, and if our interests require it we will be found thereabouts in any important crisis that may occur.

If Uncle Sam is branded with the dollar mark you should regard it as the sign of prosperity.

Alan Dale Finds That the New Musical Comedy Is Full of Cheerful Bleats.

THREE little lambs—the sort that Mary must have had and quite destitute of mint sauce—are frolicking pleasantly and innocuously at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Agreeable, bleaty, woolly lambs they are; pure as the driven snow. In fact, the cynic is quite disarmed by their easy, graceful and almost diffident capers. They sing a good deal, they dance quite dithely without any unseemly revelations, and what speaks more eloquently than all of their guilelessness—they live through a tissue of some of the worst puns and word-play I have ever heard.

Many a lamb would sigh for his slaughter-house and his mint sauce if he had to endure that perpetual remark about ice cream being cold. Picture the little, woolly darling that doesn't turn over on its little back and gasp its last when some one says, "You correspond for the London Times? Ah! They will have good times in London." Imagine the innocence of the lambkin that thrives on such a joke as "I never lie. I can't lie in bed."

Blessed little lambs of Yuletide! May your shadows never grow less, but may you be fed on a keener and more nourishing diet.

The new musical comedy, however, is a good and encouraging thing. It contains material that might well cause many managers to sit up and snort. It is an honest, cleanly entertainment, offered by as good a company as one could wish to expect during this holiday occasion. With such a trio of genuinely admirable people as Marie Cahill, Raymond Hitchcock and Edmund Lawrence—a triple-plated comedy arrangement that stands any amount of wear and tear—a fellow must indeed be dyspeptic if he cannot find enjoyment. I might make this trio a quartet and add Nellie Bragins to its ranks, but I'm sure Miss Bragins will excuse me when she knows that I loathe quartets. They always remind me of old oaken buckets, Aunt Abigail, and such-like.

Then there are the voice people, who are quite worth discussing. There is Miss Adele Ritchie, who is a prima donna without being fat—with a figure, in fact, so lissome and sylph-like that she looks as though she could be drawn through a needle. I haven't seen Miss Ritchie since she took that well-remembered bath at Koster & Bial's, with the rude gentleman (and the audience) looking on. Her voice is in capital shape, and her blonde charms are enhanced by a totally brunette chorus. How did Miss Ritchie arrange matters so admirably? What influence did she bring to bear upon those dear little chorus girls, powerful enough to induce them to forsake the joys of peroxide? This is one of the most wonderful features of "Three Little Lambs." Let me see. I am still on the voice subject. This includes William E. Philp, a very pleasant and inoffensive tenor, who shows no inclination to lurch upon limelight and stage centre—and our old friend William T. Carleton. I hope that Mr. Carleton will understand that I use the word "old" as a term of endearment. Mr. Carleton's voice is quite unimpaired after his travels on opera roads, and he sings his "Dakota Dick" ditty with vim and fire.

The sponsors for "Three Little Lambs" are R. A. Barnett, who bound the book, and E. W. Corliss, who allowed the music to circulate. It is not necessary it would even be futile to attempt to describe the story of "Three Little Lambs." Even the programme, which contains a splendid and pungent criticism of the piece—treating it very kindly, of course—doesn't bother itself about the story. It harps upon the satire of the thing, which I

couldn't discover, not being a judge of satire. The "advanced woman" is satirized—according to the programme—and so is the golf craze. But when I heard the jolly golf song uttered by Mr. Vizard, I simply took it as a song, and couldn't see any satire in it. I enjoyed it just as much. So will you.

Mr. Corliss has turned on music by the quart. The company sings nearly all the time. I should say it sang too much, if I were not afraid of leaving the intervals to Mr. Barnett's care. The organization might do worse than sing. It might talk more about the cold ice cream, and the London Times. So let us not repine. The best songs in the piece are "The Bugaboo Song," written by J. E. Nicol; "Three Little Lambs," sung by Miss Cahill, Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Lawrence; "Long Ago," "Gay Golf Ball" and "The Man Behind the Gun."

Miss Cahill is the life and soul of the piece, chubby, light-toed and funny without knowing it. She is one of the real feminine comedienne of the stage. I shan't compare her to Miss Irwin—the standard comparison for all who are fat and amusing—because Miss Irwin can't dance. Marie Cahill occupies a little niche all by herself. She has been approaching it for a long time, and I have been watching the approach. "Three Little Lambs" lands her right there, and if Miss Cahill goes cavorting about "the road" again, well, I shall be inclined to think that managers are fools.

It is good to see comedians like Raymond Hitchcock and Edmund Lawrence, who make their fun legitimately, who imitate nobody and who arrive at clean and convincing conclusions by a straight road. Hitchcock certainly has rather poor material to work upon, as the president of a trust company of which nobody understands anything at all. But he makes a great deal of a rather stupid

By Gholly Knickerbocker.

IN observing the preliminaries of the New Year I am led to infer that Alken, S. C., will again enjoy our patronage. In a sense, this is a shock. A year ago when a great and grave tragedy grew out of the heartless employments of a certain set in the colony, I fancied that its popularity would wane. But not a bit of it. Alken seems destined to continue its little sway, and this season we shall see reviewed once more all the familiarities that make it a secondary social Mecca.

I say this in the face of an old-fashioned prejudice that tragedy leaves a shadow upon its place, but with deep society it seems otherwise. Prejudices, I behold, wane with human rapidity. I perceive that the Lotos Club at this precise moment is sharing a large, palpitating mystery with Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, once of Chicago. The position of the club is that Mr. Yerkes has been put up for membership, and the position of Mr. Yerkes is that he does not desire to be a member.

Mr. Yerkes, in a generally printed interview, declares that he has no desire to get into any other club. Really, I think this ungenerous. He was put up by General Collis, and Mr. Yerkes is doing his military friend a grave wrong for a brave generosity.

General Collis has denied the rumor that Mr. Yerkes was blackballed by the club. General Collis went to the further trouble of calling on Mr. Yerkes yesterday and assuring him that the story was all a mistake. Mr. Yerkes later said this about the affair: "General Collis and I are very good friends. I had spoken to him of my unwillingness to join any club in New York, as I was already a member of four in Chicago. The General explained to me this morning that he and a number of Lotos Club members were planning to withdraw from the club. In the hope that once elected I would not withdraw. The name, I understand, was posted December 20, and had not been acted upon. This story about black-balling, General Collis assures me, is but a flash in the pan. I am glad, however, that it happened, because I can now have my name withdrawn and not be subjected to the embarrassment of resigning after being elected."

For some reason or other Mr. Yerkes and his beautiful wife seem to have taken a dislike to New York. When Mrs. Yerkes first came to Manhattan she vied with the Olympians in giving large and ambitious entertainments to people who could do her no earthly good. These proceeded for several seasons, a fine, large mansion was built upon the avenue and a general and complimentary advertisement indicated that the lady would entertain society. But, for some reason, Mrs. Yerkes has renounced this idea, and not one of the elect has ever as much as gained a peep at the interior of her costly and beautiful home.

I can assure my friends, too, that a peep would be worth while. Among its other features is a picture gallery containing some of the finest paintings in America—paintings so costly and beautiful that Mr. Yerkes was quite justified in hiring a special train of drawing room cars to transport them to New York. Some day, however, we may all be admitted, and if Mrs. Yerkes still cherishes a desire to see society, now is the time to try, when all the gates are open, Cerberus sleeping and gayety awaiting within the coming of the stranger.

Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg has flown. She is off to warmer climes—Egypt, I hear. That may include the Cataracts, or merely Cairo. I know not which, but I suppose the cables will inform us shortly. I do hear, however, that her trip will include a bit of hunting at Melton-Mowbray, where she will pop over the fences with her usual dash and vim and at the same time exploit the abilities of her American sisters. I fancy, however, that her departure will be something of a disappointment to Mrs. Gould, for the two were just engaging in a friendship that promised to be

"THREE LITTLE LAMBS" GAMBOL IN A QUITE INNOCUOUS FROLIC.



Two of the "Lambs" Who Gambol at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

part. Edmund Lawrence is also the real thing, and he is also able to extract mirth from the proceedings without tumbling all over the stage, or indulging in vulgarity.

Nellie Bragins has a song with a couple of the cutest little dardies I have ever seen, and it caught the audience with a firm grip. Miss Bragins, who looks like Phyllis Rankin, is clever and jolly, and she has an accent that it is a treat to hear. It is the native thing, unadorned, and I like that. It is such a change. I only hope that Miss Bragins went to London and got Englished. She is so nice as she is. A meek little lambkin named Clara Palmer does a cunning little dance in the Letty Lind style, and with some of Letitia's demureness, and there are a few other girls who have little to say and plenty to look. Young Mr. Thomas Whiffen, son of one of the newest dramatic mothers in New York, plays a part and sings a song, and seems to be quite a nice lad. Mr. Vizard and Mr. Hadaway are among the comedians, and work their way satisfactorily.

"Three Little Lambs" is not a bit sensational. Song succeeds song, girl succeeds girl, fun succeeds fun, and scenes change. Nothing else happens. There were children galore in the house yesterday, and there will be children there galore in the days to come. It is a good show for the young idea, that needs its theatrical entertainment just as much as the old idea. There are few performances in this city at present that give the juvenile theatre-goer a chance. All the boys and girls should see those lambs that must be so much like the woolly follower of Mary, and that are destitute of mint sauce, or of any sauce at all. They disport themselves in their own natural gravity, and they can be used even by the dyspeptic, having laid without a fault. After watching them I went back sadly to my muttons.

ALAN DALE.

MRS. LADENBURG WILL HUNT ABROAD. C. T. YERKES AND THE LOTOS CLUB.



Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg.

delightful affair, for Miss Gurnee is one of the most charming hostesses in society. She resides at No. 626 Fifth avenue.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will give a dance on January 12 at her residence, No. 461 Madison avenue. It will be one of the most notable functions of the season, and needs to say very much to the credit of the city.

Mrs. Bayard Donnell, No. 22 West Fifty-first street, has caps out for two large receptions, the dates of which are January 3 and 10.

The marriage of Miss Mathilda H. Marvin to Dr. Edwin Leale will be celebrated on January 18 at 6 o'clock in St. Bartholomew's Church. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, assisted by the Rev. Arthur C. Robinson, of Brooklyn.

Mr. W. A. Street will entertain this evening at her residence, No. 48 Park avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills will close their country home on the upper Hudson next Thursday, and return to their town house, No. 2 East Sixty-ninth street, for the winter season.

As exclusively announced in The Journal last week, Mrs. W. Watts Sherman, No. 838 Fifth avenue, will give a series of large dinner parties next month. The first will probably be on January 12.

Miss G. R. Dunlap, of No. 111 West Seventy-second street, will be married on the evening of April 18 to Mr. Orman Lawson Johnson. The wedding will take place at St. Thomas's Church at 8 o'clock.

Miss Florence Berg Brown, of No. 309 Madison avenue, will be married on February 27 to Mr. Eugene Lenthall. The wedding will take place in the Church of the Heavenly Rest.

The marriage of Miss Edith Laurence Speyers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert G. P. Speyers, to Edward McVicker will take place on the afternoon of January 17 at St. Bartholomew's Church. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, assisted by the Rev. Arthur C. Robinson, of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Frederic Ballard, No. 21 West Seventy-third street, will give a dance at Sherry's this evening for her daughter, Miss Grace K. Ballard.

Mrs. William Barclay Parsons, No. 605 Fifth avenue, will give a cotillion this afternoon in honor of her young granddaughter, Miss Sylvia Parsons, daughter of Mr. W. Barclay Parsons.

Mrs. Frederic Gallatin will give an afternoon party for children to-day at her residence, No. 870 Fifth avenue. A Christmas tree, with gifts, will be a feature. After the distribution of gifts, dancing will be enjoyed.

Mrs. Robert Hoe, No. 11 East Thirty-sixth street, will give a musicale this afternoon.

The first of the Cinderella Cotillions at Dodworth's will be held this evening.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. Levi P. Morton will entertain at dinner this evening.

To-day is the first anniversary of the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. William Kinniet Draper. Mrs. Draper, it will be remembered, was Miss Helen F. Hoffman. During the war with Spain she was one of the most active workers in the Red Cross Society.

A large dinner party was given at Sherry's last evening by Mr. and Mrs. N. Mayer, of No. 230 East Seventy-third street, to celebrate their silver wedding. Covers were laid for seventy-two guests.

Miss Josephine Menken, of No. 2372 Seventh avenue, will give a "Topic Party" on the evening of January 10.

One of the largest private dances of the season was given last evening at Sherry's by Mrs. Bayard Donnell in honor of her two daughters, the Misses Ethel and Helen Donnell. It was a Christmas affair, attended by about four hundred, the guests including all the fashionable young set and the season's debutantes.

The Misses Helen Donnell and Miss Helen Donnell were the guests of honor, and the season's most attractive. The guests began arriving about 9:30 o'clock and were received by the hostess and her daughter, Mrs. Bayard Donnell. The evening was spent in dancing with Miss Helen Donnell. Some charming favors were provided.

Mrs. Artemas H. Holmes gave a dance for juniors last evening at Sherry's. No. 453 Madison street, in honor of her son and daughter, Artemas H. Holmes, Jr., and Miss Holmes. The dancers were all of the young set, those who have not yet made their debut. The dance was really a Christmas affair, and holy and evergreen and mistletoe were hung everywhere. The invitations were for \$3.00, but it was fully 9 before all the guests arrived. About fifty couples danced in the cotillon, which was led by Artemas H. Holmes, Jr. and Miss Holmes. Miss Ethel Holmes and Miss Florence distributed the favors. A buffet supper was served after the cotillon.

A novel dinner and dance were given at Delmonico's last evening by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Guzenheim, of No. 763 Fifth avenue, in honor of their daughter, Miss Edith Guzenheim. It was a Christmas affair, and the guests were all of the young set. Twice as many men as there were girls were invited, and twice during the dinner they "progressed," as it is called, changing their places at the table. The banquet was followed by one of the merriest dances of the holiday season.

The Democratic Club will give a ladies' reception this afternoon, which promises to be a very enjoyable affair.

NOTES OF SOCIETY.

Miss Gurnee's dance, which was announced exclusively in the Journal last week, will take place on January 9 in the annex of the Metropolitan Club. It will be quite small, for about fifty people, but it promises to be a